

English E/IIIA Homework Activities

Pre-Reading Activities

Activity 1 Skimming Quickly skim (read quickly and lightly) this week's article and mark any new words or expressions. In the chart below, write all the new words or expressions you marked. When you are finished skimming, look up these new words in your dictionaries and write the Japanese meaning. When you are finished with today's lesson, add these words and expressions to your Personal Dictionaries.

English	日本語	English	日本語	English	日本語	English	日本語

Reading-in-Detail Activities

Activity 2 Reading in Detail Read today's article slowly and carefully. Try to understand everything in the article. When you are finished, read the article again out loud. Do this several times to help you understand and remember new vocabulary.

Activity 3 Comprehension Questions After reading the article, answer these questions.

1. Where does the story take place?

2. Why is the monkey's paw special?

3. Why does Sergeant Morris throw the monkey's paw into the fire?

4. Why does Sergeant Morris want to sell the monkey paw?

5. In the story, Sergeant Morris says, "be very careful what you wish for." Why does he say this?

6. What does Herbert think his father should wish for?

7. What does Mr. White wish for?

8. What happens after Mr. White makes his wish?

9. What do you think will happen next in the story?

Activity 5 Discussion Questions Once you have read the articles several times, think about the questions below. You and your group will discuss these questions in class, so prepare your own opinions and thoughts before you come to class. For the last two, think of two questions about the article on your own.

1. What do you think is the main theme of this story?

2. Do you think this story will have a "happy" ending? Why/Why not?

3. If you were Mr. White would you make a wish with the monkey's paw? Why/Why not?

4. If you could make 3 wishes, what would you wish for?

5. Do you know of any other stories like this? What are they?

6. (your question) _____ ?

7. (your question) _____ ?

The Monkey's Paw

by W.W. Jacobs

Outside the night was cold and wet. But in the small house, the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly in the fireplace. Mr. White and his son were playing chess.

"Listen to the wind," said Mr. White, looking up suddenly.

"I'm listening," said his son, Herbert, as he stared at the board. He stretched out his arm and moved a piece. "Check," he said.

"The weather's so bad," said Mr. White. "I doubt that Sergeant Morris will come tonight."

The boy nodded and made the final move. "Checkmate!" he said.

"That's the worst part of living out here," scowled Mr. White. "Of all the out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst! The yard's like a lake and the path's all muddy."

"Now, now, never mind, dear," said his wife, who was knitting near the fire. "Perhaps you'll win the next game."

Just then they heard the gate banging loudly, and the sound of heavy footsteps coming toward the door.

"There he is," said Herbert.

Mr. White rose and opened the door. A tall, powerful man with bright, beady eyes, entered the room. His face was red from the cold.

"Let me introduce Sergeant Morris," said Mr. White.

The sergeant shook hands and took the seat that was offered to him near the fireplace. Mr. White put a kettle on the fire, while the sergeant warmed his hands.

After several minutes the sergeant began to talk. The little family circle listened with eager interest as he spoke of the distant places he had visited. His eyes grew even brighter as he spoke of daring deeds and strange events.

"I'd like to see India, myself," said Mr. White. "Just to look around a bit. I'd like to see those old temples. What was that you started telling me about the other day – a monkey's paw, or something, Morris?"

"Nothing," said Sergeant Morris, quickly. "At least nothing worth hearing."

"Monkey's paw?" said Mrs. White, curiously.

"Well, it's what some people might perhaps call magic," said the sergeant, thoughtfully.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly, as the sergeant fumbled for an object in his jacket. He took something out of the pocket and showed it to them. "To look at," he said, "it's just an ordinary little paw, dried up and dirty."

Mrs. White drew back with a look of shock on her face, but Herbert took the paw and examined it curiously.

"And what is there special about this?" asked Mr. White, as he took the paw from his son and placed it on the table.

"It had a magic spell put on it by a *fakir* – a very holy man in India. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with fate did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three people could have three wishes from the paw.

His manner was so serious that his listeners held back their smiles.

"Well, then, why don't you have three wishes, sir?" asked Herbert White.

The sergeant stared at the young man and shuddered slightly. "I have," he said quietly, and his face turned pale.

And did you really have the three wishes granted?" said Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant, nodding his head slowly.

"And has anybody else wished?" asked Mrs. White.

"The first man had his three wishes, yes," was the reply. "I don't know what the first two were, but the third was for death." The sergeant paused and then added, "That's how I got the paw."

"If you've had your three wishes," said Mr. White, "the paw's no good to you now. Why do you keep it?"

The sergeant shook his head. "I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It has caused enough trouble already. Besides, people won't buy. Some think it's all nonsense, and others want to try it first and pay me later."

"If you could have another three wishes," said Mr. White, eyeing him closely, "would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the sergeant. "I don't know."

He took the paw suddenly and hurled it into the fire. Mr. White, with a cry, stooped down and pulled it out.

"Better let it burn," said the sergeant solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said Mr. White, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend, stubbornly. "I threw it into the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. Throw it on the fire again like a sensible person."

Mr. White shook his head and examined his new possession closely.

"How do you do it?" he asked.

"Just hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud," said the sergeant. "But I warn you of the consequences."

"It sounds like a children's story to me," said Mrs. White, as she went into the kitchen.

Her husband stared at the paw as the sergeant, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

"If you must wish," he said pointedly, "be very careful what you wish for."

They all sat down for dinner and the business about the paw was nearly forgotten. When the meal was over, the sergeant told some more tales of his adventures in India.

After their guest had left, Mrs. White asked her husband, "Did you give him anything for the paw?"

"Just a little something," he answered. "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And he begged me again to throw the paw away."

"Why, father," said Herbert, jokingly, "we're going to be rich and famous. Wish to be a king, father. That's a good way to start."

And he and his mother marched around the table, saluting him cheerfully.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it questioningly.

"I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact," he said slowly. "It seems to me I've got all I want."

"You'd be glad to pay off the house, wouldn't you," said Herbert, with his hand on his father's shoulder. "Well, wish for five hundred dollars, then. That'll just do it."

His father held up the paw as Herbert winked at his mother.

"I wish for five hundred dollars," Mr. White said very clearly.

No sooner had he finished saying these words, than a loud shuddering cry came from the father. His wife and son rushed toward him.

"It moved!" he cried, with a glance at the paw as it lay on the floor. "As I wished, it suddenly twisted in my hand like a snake!"

"Well I don't see the money," said Herbert, as he picked up the paw and placed it on the table. "And I bet we never will."

"It must have been your imagination," said Mrs. White, looking worriedly at her husband.

He shook his head. "Never mind, then," he said. "There's no harm done. Still it gave me a shock just the same."

They sat down again by the fire. Outside the wind was howling harder than ever. Mr. White jumped nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. An unusual silence settled on all three until the couple rose to go to bed.

"You'll probably find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," teased Herbert, as he said goodnight. "And some horrible creature sitting next to it who'll watch you count your unearned treasure." (to be continued)